

Shattered Rocks

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The beautiful Aruba diorite rocks before...



and afterwards ... the Aruba diorite rocks GRAVE YARD

Dedicated to those willing to protect our heritage

Once we towered
Big and mighty
Proud and powerful

Anchored in the earth
of the island we love
We were appreciated
Passersby would languish
and sit on our backs
Little children would run
across
our backs
We sat unperturbed

We have been sitting here
for thousands of years
We were the heritage
on the island of big boulders

As the sun rose and set
As the moon waxed and
waned
As the rain fell
and the hard wind blew
As the shrubs and cactus
grew
Something changed

They hardly saw us anymore
We were partly lost in the
shrubs
We were abolished
Ignored and forgotten

We were dormant crying
inside
but no one heard us

Then one day they came and
cleaned all the shrubs and
cactus from around us

There we stood
baking in the sun

Majestically and proud
Standing firm and secure
In our glory like before
Nothing could move us any-
more

Then one morning the
ground shook
The big tractor came
The smaller boulders trem-
bled
A shiver ran across my back

They pushed us around
War was declared on us
We who stood here for thou-
sands of years
Proud to be the heritage of
our children's children
Now the big tractor is push-
ing us around

Someone mentioned
They are going to relocate us
Then the unbelievable took
place.
They cracked and shattered
us into small pieces

We were screaming
but no one heard us
Crushed and shattered in
pain
Thousands of years in vain
Now we are just "Shattered
Rocks"

Shame on you Aruba.